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THE MINISTER'S DREAM;

OR,

A WRONG CHOICE WITH A SAD RESULT,

YET WITHAL

A GLORIOUS CONSUMMATION.

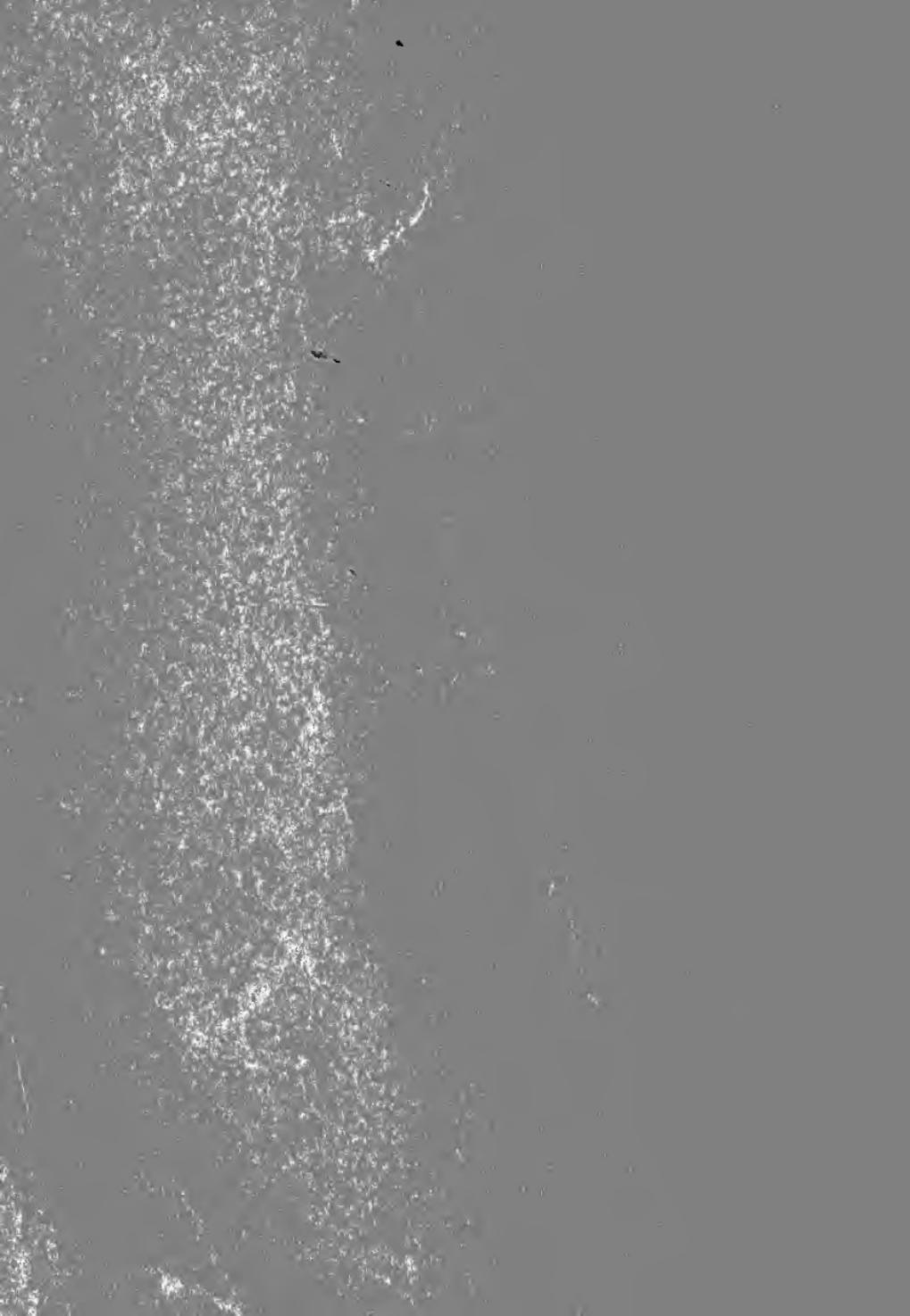
BY

JOHN CALVIN BRIGHT.

(Author of "Get Wisdom," Etc.)

A TEMPERANCE POEM.

NEW LEBANON, OHIO:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
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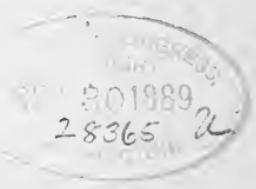
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BY
JOHN CALVIN BRIGHT.

DEDICATED

To PARENTS, who have gone to the Good Home,
Who early taught me Alcohol to shun.
To CHILDREN, hoping, that its pois'nous foam
Will never stain their lips; that they will run
The Christian Race until the Crown is won.
To HER—MY TEMPERATE, DEVOTED WIFE—
God's greatest gift to man beneath the Sun,
To help him in the world's ignoble strife;
To gently lead the loved ones to Eternal Life.

Respectfully,

BY THE AUTHOR.

New Lebanon, Ohio, Sept. 3, 1889.

THE MINISTER'S DREAM.

1 "I can confide in him," she said, "I know"—

These words were scarcely spoken when he came,
And, in the deep'ning twilight near, bowed low,
Beneath the cedar's shade, and prayed the same,
That Jesus taught his people in his name.

I bid Doretha join in with him now.—

They rose, caressed, and then, O shame, O shame !
A friend drew near, and with a pleasing bow,
Invited Ben to with him go and break his vow.

2 How anxious was the look Doretha wore !

And Ben, stanch pale became his lusty cheek !

How kindly did she ask him, and implore

The bowl, enchanted, not again to seek !

I, then a word to him, too, did bespeak ;

Portrayed to him the danger there would be,

In going with his friend, he was too weak

To drive away temptation, drink would he ;

Then, O, what grief and woe his lovely wife would
see !

3 His friend said, "We will only take a glass,
But drink each other's health, and then desist.
This is what the priests do, in taking mass,
And, certainly, you need not this resist."
The sad result Doretha too well wist.
So lovingly her arms she did entwine
Around him; then his loving lips she kissed.
And said in sweetest accents, "You are mine,
O don't to want and woe your loved ones consign."

4 The tempter, with a sneering look, passed on;
They turned to heed a dear one's earnest call,
That echoed through the door which was just drawn,
When Ben but gave one glance toward the Hall
Of mirth, that stood next door, outside the wall,
Resounding now with noisy merriment;
Whose spacious room was filled by patrons all;
Whose music, to the place, a sweet charm lent;
Whose liquors quaffed, the circumambient air did
scent.

5 That look, those fumes, were more than he could bear;
Aroused his thirst for Alcohol became;
And, tearing from the arms of love, he, where
The fiery fluid that would him inflame
Obtained could be, regardless of the shame.
Doretha, O how great and deep the gloom
That settled on her face! "It is the same
Old foe! O God! it will us all consume!"
With trembling steps she swooned, and fell within
the room.

6 With hurried steps, I hastened home to send
Assistance to the broken-hearted one,
Remarking as I sped, "O what an end,
The most degenerate beneath the sun,
The end is shame, in artlessness begun.
Whoever thought that he would lead that life ?
Whoever thought that such a course he'd run ?
Go down in shame in such ignoble strife,
Destroy himself, and such a lovely charming wife ! "

7 I took a retrospective view of Ben,
With confidence, I saw him leave the farm,
With parents, all, in deep affection, then,
Invoking God's protection from all harm
To keep him. He, without the least alarm,
Went forth to learn a useful, honest trade,
Determined to excel and lend a charm
To labor and economy, and aid
The indigent, and put dishonor in the shade.

8 Ben for his trade had quite an aptitude ;
As industry and tact do always win,
Success to him, they both were a prelude ;
Among the artisans there have few been
As skillful as our hero was herein.
But, then, O sad the stories of the race !
How many have destroyed themselves by sin !
How many, with these facts before their face,
Go on their way to shame, themselves and friends,
disgrace !

9 Across the way from where he wrought is there
 A Hall of mirth, Saloon—socalled—but, no ;
It is the way to darkness and despair,
 The way that leads to drunkenness and woe,
 In which great numbers are enticed to go ;
It is the way that leads away from home,
 The way that leads down to the Pit below,
The way in which it is not safe to roam,
 That leads where teeth will gnash, and writhing lips
 will foam.

10 The Hall was most inviting ; cushioned chairs,
 The sparkling, flowing fountains, curtains gauze,
Sweet warbling songsters, silver-polished wares,
 The rarest, prettiest flowers, loud huzzas ;
 But then, ye nations hearken, by the laws
Protected, is this living, damning snare !
 To raise the funds to punish them the cause !
Destroy and punish thus, the brave, the fair ?
 Ye slumbering nations, fear your God, his people
 spare !

11 Ben had been taught that it was manly, safe,
 To drink with moderation, from a youth
And when vexations did his spirit chafe,
 Or when he met a friend, or friends, forsooth ;
 Then he, with boldness, sought this pretty booth
Of pleasure. Grew the habit, and he fell.
 And when he knew his trade, he had, in truth,
Obtained a living, burning taste, as well.
 For Alcohol. The sad result, how can I tell !

12 Beyond the hills there dwelt a lovely maid,—
 Doretha—full of life, intelligent;
The idol of the home, in whom was laid,
 By parents fond, 'twas plainly evident,
 The love of life and toil; in joy 'twas spent.
She loved, but, ah, not wisely; Ben came oft;
 Their happy souls in sweet communion blent.
With courtesy he bore himself aloft,
Save this, he drank; with heedlessness all harm she
 scoffed.

13 "My love for him, his love for me, will guide
 Us safely down the stream of time," she said.
"Together, we, adown this stream will glide
 In happiness," with earnestness, she plead,
 "O parents dear if you will let us wed!"
They would not give consent for a long time,
 For fear that she the bitter tear might shed;
Though drunkenness his only taint or crime,
They knew 'twas worse in life than could be shown in
 rhyme.

14 Ben pledged his word and honor, that no more
 The bowl intoxicating would he use;
Consent by this they gained, the danger o'er,
 How could they such a manly vow refuse?
 The day was set, the happy day they choose,
That each, the vows of love the other gave;
 And, when I one pronounced them, I did muse,
"Can she him from the shameful gutter save,
Or will he drag her in despair down to the grave?"

15 The days sped happily, and joys were deep,
Each, in the other, had implicit trust;
No danger near, she had no cause to weep,
Until it dawned upon her mind, that lust
Of drink would him destroy. O cruel thrust!
First, later grew the hour of his return,
Then redder grew his cheek and somewhat mussed
His dress, and then quite oft his words would burn
With a queer accent. Deep and anxious her concern!

16 With songs most captivating, rapturous;
With manners winning, gentle, and refined;
With speech intelligent, and rhapsodous;
With all the arts of a most fertile mind,
She sought to save him from that bestial kind
Of life; but all to no avail. For drink
Would he. His love for liquor made him blind
To all the nobler instincts. On the brink
Of ruin was he idling, and beneath, would sink.

17 His steps became unsteady, then the storm,
That long had threatened, burst at midnight's hour.
Some friends bore home, with care, his manly form,
Return, he could not from that pretty bow'r
Of pleasure. Thus, instead of a strong tow'r
Of faith, of hope, of peace, of love, of joy,
Became he as the threat'ning storm that low'r
Destruction. For all things would he destroy,
That precious were to her, that would her peace annoy.

18 Not only did he take God's name in vain,
 Not only did he break the earthen ware,
 Not only did the Holy Day profane,
 Not only did the paper hangings tear ;
 But also precious gifts were safe nowhere.
 The set the mother gave on moving day,
 The looking-glass, the handsome rocking chair,
 Certificate of Marriage, in which they
 Recorded had their vows ; all these he dashed away.

19 Doretha's anguish, unavailing, sore.
 How sad to contrast with the home of love,
 She had the full possession of before,
 She came to this with him she loved above
 All others, inoffensive as a dove !
 For now, when wrapt in Alcohol's strong coils,
 Aside his loved Doretha would he shove ;
 Nay, more, his murderous attempts she foils
 By presence of her mind, by the severest toils.

20 Repentance, the most bitter, followed it,
 With shame and penitence, he pardon sought,
 Made solemn, earnest promises to quit
 Attending places where such mischief's wrought,
 Whose influence for sin is ever fraught.
 Doretha with great readiness forgot
 The cruel treatment she received and thought
 That theirs henceforth would be a happy lot.
 How sad her fate, her Ben became a perfect sot !

21 Thus oft was reason from his mind dethroned,
 Thus oft the sad to-morrows came and went ;
Until a gracious gift to them was loaned,
 The Hand Divine to them the blessing sent ;
So like his father, happily were blent
The softer graces of the mother. Pure
 As snow that is fresh fallen. Merriment
Did friends all make. She said, "He'll now be sure
To love his home. Naught from his son will him
 allure "

22 Great was the joy and pride of father Ben,
 When he at first beheld his little son ;
And meditating on his course, with pen,
 He signed the Pledge, declaring that no one
Would him entice from Temperance ; that none
As beverages would he use : yet slow
 Was he to move away from there, and shun
Their presence as the deadly coya, though
Friends had him thus advised, he said, "I need
 not go."

23 "I need not go, for here is all my work.
 I need not go," he said with courtesy.
"I need not go, though dangers round me lurk,
 I will not by them drawn from virtue be,
Relying on Divine assistance, He
Will succor me" Alas he did not know,
 The weakness of his fallen nature, the
Great strength of alcoholic habit. O
What danger was he in, could he escape the woe !

24 For some long weeks when from his labor free,
 Ben would be found attending to his dears ;
And happy in their love and company,
 He sought no more th' enticing chalice. Fears
 Gave way to hope and confidence, and tears
To joy and happiness. And then, as I,
 Returning from a tour passed by, appears
Doretha, smiling in her gladness. " Why,
I can confide in him, no more I'll sigh ! "

25 Congratulating her, I still advised,
 That they would better from away there go ;
Lest he would fall whom she so highly prized,
 She said, " I can confide in him, I know."
 She had great confidence in him, although
Entreated she, at first, that they would move
 Away, that he would not be tempted so.
For when, unfortunately, in the groove
By liquor made, all efforts may most futile prove.

26 Her confidence the stronger grew, as went
 The days, and Ben retained his soberness ;
But when the liquors quaffed the air did scent,
 Then all the fibers of his body, yes,
 The smallest cells, each claimed its favorite mess ;
And when the well directed glance upon
 The flowing goblets did itself address ;
(The air was sultry, and the curtains drawn,
He through the window saw the lusty patrons fawn.)

27 'Twas then, resistance to his appetite
Was vain. The solemn, earnest, written Pledge,
The love of home and friends, were far too light
To hold him. Naught was there that would him
hedge,
And alcoholic habit was the wedge,
That separated him from them. The wife
Was found, by those who came, too near the edge
Of time. Kind hands restored her back to life
And consciousness. But she aweary was of strife.

28 The agitated frame, the labored breath,
The incoherent words, the vacant stare;
All told too plainly, that, at hand, was Death,
Who would her soon release, and take her where
The sorrows of this life will follow ne'er.
Just then, the pistol's sharp report, the cry
Of murder rang upon the midnight air.
Doretha gave one long and farewell sigh,
And then passed over to her home beyond the sky.

29 And, well it was, perchance, that she could go,
For Ben, when crazed with Alcohol, had slain
His friend, who downward led him into woe.
The testimony, an unbroken chain,
To escape the gallows, 'twas no use to train.
His friends all gone, and then his means were too.
Remorse and shame alone for him remain.
Pronounced the sentence, he, with warnings, true,
Emphatic, gave to all a long, a sad adieu.

30 And little Ben, whose coming promised much,
Was taken by the arms affectionate,
To that good home, there are too few of such,
From which Doretha came. That sing'lar trait,
Which caused such anxiousness, became of late,
A fit, like that his father had when he
Came home, intoxicated first. Sad fate!
Grandmother, worried to the grave, said she,
"I'll teach the world that they no more such sorrow
see."

31 Observing the sad fate of her friends, dear,
Concluded she to issue an address,
Portray, with words emphatic, strong, and clear,
To all the fair, in single blessedness,
The danger of accepting love unless
From alcoholic habit free. " Fair friends,
Why leave the home of love and fond caress,
Where parents' tender care with nicety blends
With brothers, sisters. What for these can make
amends ?

32 "Can you afford to leave all these, for one
Who, in his mouth, invites a thief to steal
Away his reason and affection? Run
The race alone, than rather your life seal
To him who'll bring you woe instead of weal.
Consider the sad end Doretha met,
How you approaching midnight's hour will feel,
Not knowing his return, or how he'll fret.
Yourselves in such predicament, O do not let!"

33 They answered then, "We never will consent
To give our hearts and hands to those who take
Their food in alcoholic form." Content
With the result, decided she, to break
The news, that all their evil ways forsake.
'Twas done; and when she looked again, behold,
They went their way, the same, did not awake
To their great danger, that she had them told,
Accepted them with alcoholic habit bold.

34 She then determined to address herself,
(Observing that the fairer sex would yield,
Through blandishments their liberty would shelf)
To man the sterner sex; ask him to shield
The race from shame and sorrow. When appealed
To thus, he answered her beneath the eaves,
He answered her upon the open field,
He answered her, "Let's save the golden sheaves,"
And yet, quite oft, he answered her behind his
sleeves.

35 And when she saw that it was not decreased,
She pondered deep and long, and then resolved,
To ask the Nation, next, to have released,—
Her citizens from slavery absolved.
How great the duty that on her devolved!
Relying on the help of Providence,
Concluded she that it should not be halved;
That it should be complete in every sense,
The Nation free, and all enjoy a competence.

36 Proceeding to the Legislative Halls,
 Both State and National, accompanied
 By little raving Ben, whose frightful squalls,
 Demoniac dark face, unsteady tread,
 And murderous attempts of her who led,
 That failed, because he was so impotent;
 Illustrated the cause for which she plead
 With earnestness, with words so eloquent,
 Her mission seemed to all as though 'twere heaven
 sent.

37 And thus she spoke, "Behold how sad my state!
 My only daughter gave her hand and heart
 To one who loved the drug, that made him hate
 His home, his friends, his God. And thus they
 part,
 As they on life's great journey made a start:
 He fell and filled a drunkard felon's grave.
 She died. My anguish sore, as though a dart
 Had pierced my soul. As a return he gave
 This living manifest of what did him enslave

38 "And I am not alone. I represent
 Ten thousand times ten thousand homes you know,
 That mourn for loved ones lost, destroyed. Comment
 Unnecessary is. O save from woe
 The children of our nation, be not slow
 To stop this trade that leads to endless night,
 All those that make and use it here below;
 Not on the principle that might makes right,
 But on the grander one, that right will give it might!"

39 "Why should the blessings God has given be changed
To curses, which destroy so many lives?
Why not, ye Solons, have it so arranged,
That all enjoy a competence; the wives
Their husbands' steps will dread, no more, revives
The memory of happy days gone by?
O break the cruel bondage from which thrives
The heartless few, from which so many die!"
They said, with dignity and courtesy, "We'll try."

40 And next the palaces Executive
She visited, and plead the cause of peace.
"The Legislators soon this cause will give
Attention, try to rescue, and release
The many homes, the heartless few would fleece;
Destroy their characters, their inmates kill.
O lend your influence, that this work cease,
Encourage, foster, execute the Bill,
To stop this traffic with men's souls!" They said,
"We will."

41 And then the Courts of Justice she addressed,
Encouraged by the hope that thrilled her soul,
"Among the nations, it has been confessed,
Of all the courts, there's none upon the roll,
That of the cause of justice has control,
As ours, the Great Republic of the West.
And still we should not yet ourselves cajole,
Unless the liquor, Alcohol, we will, at best,
Exile it from the land, its mad career arrest.

42 "The laws that free us from this curse will soon
 Be given to the people of these States,
 And then the funds of every saloon
 Will contribute to that cause, which belates
 Its friends, deranges all of them, and hates
 Its votaries. Here millions can you share,
 If you the cause assist that crime creates.
 Stain not your ermine. Ne'er the laws declare
 Unconstitutional and void." They answered, "Ne'er."

43 She was returning to her broken home,
 Encouraged by the prospects, thus assured,
 When, lo, old Bacchus came, how he did foam!
 (The plan, so pertinent, was just matured)
 And with him came Intoxicant, allured,
 And Moderato, both these goddesses
 Allured to the great conquest. "For secured
 Man will to give me service be." So says,
 Old Bacchus, agitated so, he lost his fez.

44 " You shall not conquer. Free shall be our land.
 For millions have you conquered and destroyed.
 The principles of Temperance so grand,
 So philosophical, of self-devoid,
 Shall triumph. None henceforth shall be decoyed."
 Warm waxed the controversy, loud declaimed
 Their godships; but not in the least annoyed,
 Good Mother True, abashed not nor ashamed,
 Portrayed their great deception, thus, in terms, well
 framed.

45 Warm grew the controversy, large the crowd,
That gathered there to hear the great debate,
Between an injured woman and gods proud.
The latter, dubious arguments create,
The former, wrongs of Alcohol relate,
And pleads the cause of home, of peace, and light,
Of principles that our race elevate ;
And then portrays, in colors black as night,
The sins which Alcohol, its votaries incite.

46 The interest becoming manifest,
Concluded they, an ecumenical,
Debate and counsel hold, to which the rest
Of our great nation kindly asked shall
Be to attend ; and whether animal,
Degrading, and destructive to the race
Is Alcohol ; or whether nominal,
Alone, it has these terms : " Does it deface
And ruin ? Honor and infirmities erase ? "

47 Then Morse and Bell and Guttenberg all called,
The people heard entranced and soon were brought,
By Watts and Reobling and Fulton hauled,
To that great Amphitheater, where taught,
The Patron of the home, and gods who thought,
With Alcohol's strong coils, to bind the man.
How great the crowds, for sixty millions caught
The spirit of the inquiry ! Each clan,
The high, the low, came there to help the matter
scan.

48 The proclamation, first, was made, that each
Should take the part assigned, appropriate.
Agreed had they to thus arrange, and teach
The nation, congregated thus in state ;
All showing, by their company, their trait.
There were three companies. First, Mother True's,
Who nought would drink that would intoxicate.
Then, Moderato's, of more liberal views.
And then, Intoxicant's, who drank all that they choose.

49 The First were open, candid, and serene,
No affectation crossed their happy brows,
Bright plenty gave them pastures ever green,
Inviolate they kept their noble vows,
Desirous were they that all should espouse
The principles of light, of hope, of joy,
That never in them appetites arouse
That would them cause their friends or homes de-
stroy;—
The principles of peace without the least alloy.

50 The Second : how abashed so many looked !
For there, O shame, some ministers were seen ;
In that unholy crowd, their names were booked,
With those who'd appetites they could not wean,
And those who aped their words as well as mien ;
Though strange, yet true, they all their course had
turned
To after go those they pronounced unclean.
The high, the low, the great, the small, the learned,
Were there. Some were abashed, too many uncon-
cerned.

51 That they to Moderato still belonged,
So many, in the Third class loudly claimed ;
But then, no one, in all that crowd, was wronged,
Because the high, the low, the sound, the maimed,
Were placed in those three companies we named,
In full accord with their own sentiments.
Of this, the two had cause to be ashamed.
It robbed them of their pelf, destroyed their sense,
While some grew rich, so many had no competence.

52 The families, were happy, of the First.
Those of the Second manifested care,
Anxiety, and dread ; that yet the worst
Would come, that Alcohol would yet ensnare
Their fathers, brothers. Utter deep despair
Had worn deep furrows in the cheek and brow
Of those, whose loved ones often would declare
Their love for inebriety. O how
Unhappy were their fears, but hope came to them
now.

53 By mutual consent, it was arranged
That leaders, followers, all have a chance
The issue to discuss. Then those who changed
Their sentiments should the great work enhance,
By changing companies, as in romance.
Proclaimed they further, that all that will speak,
Must speak their sentiments in consonance,
With their belief and wishes. Then we'll seek
The wish of the assembly—see how strong or weak.

54 The goddess Moderato, bold and fair,
In whom, deception, you could see no trace,
Addressed the multitude. "Let us declare,
That we will use the food which will us brace
For toil, protect us from disease, and chase
The woes of life away. Let us be free
To use the blessings God has given, in grace.
Of course, we'll temperate in all things be,
Our moderation, known to all men, shall all see."

55 Her words were answered by a hearty cheer,
Of many who belonged to her large crowd,
When to our great astonishment, a jeer
That drowned the other came so clear, so loud,
From company, Intoxicant's. "The shroud
Of drunkards will we wear, because, that we
Those principles accepted, and were proud
Of freedom. Now, alas, you all can see,
To what we're brought, and what your own sad'end
may be.

56 "'Twas thus that you enticed us and ere long,
So grew and grew the habit that we said,
'How great our freedom!' It became so strong,
That ere we were aware, you had us led,
Where paths were slick, unsteady was our tread.
This is the reason that there are such throngs
In woe. The why so many want their bread.
The why that in our homes there are no songs
Of praise to Him, Who feeds, to whom all praise
belongs.

57 " We're wrapped in Alcohol's strong coils, we're slaves ;
 Just late, we were of your proud company,
Your course is hither turned, from which none saves.
 O warning take and really be free ! "
 Thus loudly spoke the great majority
Of company Intoxicant's. The few,
 The heartless few, who make and sell with glee,
That which enriches them, alone, could view,
Without remorse or shame, results so sad and true.

58 These scarce had made their earnest protest known,
 When there arose their families, in want,
" Those principles, accepted, were, we own,
 With shame, by fathers, brothers, sons. O taunt
 Us not because of garments torn, that flaunt
In every breeze, of hovels small and rude,
 Nor yet, because, oft hunger does us haunt !
'Tis those who make and sell it, eat our food.
They wear our clothes. Of dwellings, they do us
 Denude.

59 " Not only through saloons, should none be led ;
 Not only should distilleries be still ;
Not only breweries no more be fed ;
 But also, those who make and sell should fill
 Our starving mouths, and empty hands, until
The bloom of health returns ; our wardrobes bless ;
 And give us back our homes ; and then we will
The year of jubilee enjoy. Redress
O God, our wrongs and grant that all their rights
 possess ! "

60 And then, arose, such loud, such thrilling cries,
From the demented ones. How sad their moans!
And list'ning carefully to their strange sighs,
And reading, as they say, between the groans,
I understood as follows: "O that thrones
And pow'rs would give us all some kind relief.
'Tis sad to think of starving ones with tones
Of supplication; and of those whose chief
Desire is that they may escape the drunkards' reef.

61 "But sadder still is our unhappy plight,
For reason is dethroned. That hateful drug
Which promised much, did all our powers blight.
The contents of the little dark brown jug,
Of sparkling fountains in saloons, so snug,
Have ru'ned, impoverished, and make us mad.
Our stories would the stoutest shoulders shrug.
Once we, intelligent and free and glad,
But now, alas, our lot's the saddest of the sad.

62 "Some of us drank our gold and sense away,
And some, by such, were treated worse than slaves,
While some, again, like little Ben, can't say,
Why o'er them rolls such dark and dreadful waves
Of trouble. Must we thus go to our graves?
'Tis Alcohol that robs, dements, and kills.
Brand all who manufacture it as knaves,
Convert their buildings into homes and mills.
Let all aslake their thirst at wells or running rills."

63 When these had finished, those who make and sell
 Besought Intoxicant their cause to plead,
 (With imprecations, such, I would not tell,
 Like those that of that class are never freed.)
 For fear their craft would go they well had need.
Though ever ready, faults to find and pick,
 She could not but the warning given heed,
The liquor drank to help, but made her sick,
 She rose to speak, but all that she could say was—hic!

64 Then boasting Moderato spoke again,
 "Not all of mine go down in drunkenness,
There many, just as free and pure as when,
 They never tasted it. The world they bless
 By great inventions, works that all express
High admiration for. Shall not all these
 To alcoholic food e'er have access?
Besides the arts essential will soon freeze
 If in applying, we can't use it when we please."

65 All eyes now turned, by mutual consent,
 To see and hear good Mother True's reply.
"My Friends admit, that danger's imminent,
 That all who drink too much and drunkards die,
 Were once of Moderato's class so high.
So soon they pass her hand and graduate,
 And then Intoxicant, her chief ally,
With smiles invites them enter through her gate,
 They see their wrong, repent, when 'tis perchance too
 late.

66 "Intoxicated, sure, we will admit,
That many, who have ventured to partake
Of alcoholic stimulant, have wit
To not become. But then, awake,
Their works of thought and worth they did not
make
By alcoholic help. The product are
They of the sober thoughts, of what we take
From hygienic food; not from afar.
Of this there need, there cannot be a single jar."

67 "It is not food The tissues it impairs,
Defiles the conscience, and injures the will,
The memory it weakens, judgments scares,
Takes from the head its wisdom, hands their skill.
It robs too of affection, helps to kill
The loved ones of the home, the neighborhood.
The history of all its crimes would fill
The Universe. Too little understood
Are all the various sins, it helps to rear and brood.

68 "The murderer's swift blow, the thief's deft hand,
The dens of lewd debauchery so dire,
The smiles and words of rogues, politely bland,
Are moved all by this alcholic fire.
(Who doubts will find the proof if he inquire.)
A fire that gives no heat in frigid climes,
A fire that gives no strength when labors tire—
That burns the fuse to where explode the crimes,
That robs a man of honor as well as of dimes.

69 " 'It quenches thirst?' No, no, it causes thirst,
A thirst that strong and stronger grows each time
A draught is drank, from first to last is nurst.
This property it has in every clime,
Defaces those who drink, their clothes begrime.
The bloated countenance, the bloodshot eye,
The crooked path, the wallowing in slime,
Teach us our wants it does not satisfy.
To banish it from our great land, O let us try !

70 " To those who ne'er will drink to an excess,
I, now, address myself, especially,
Perchance it e'er may be as you profess,
Though still it may be to the contrary,
For many have done this in brevity ;
But granting for the sake of argument,
That you will not this inconsistency
Experience, can you not be content
To be for others' sake forever abstinent ?

71 " As you, in using, get no warmth, no strength,
That lasting is, or of a benefit ;
Why dilly-dally with it any length
Of time ? Why not at once conclude to quit
Its use ? I know, kind friends, you have the grit.
Besides for naught, it takes away your wealth,
And others you are leading to the Pit,
For Moderato, noted for her stealth,
To you, will others point,—your character, your
health.

72 " 'Tis such as you to which she always points,
Whose influence she would have crowds to lead ;
'Tis done too well, the work, she thus anoints,
To warnings given they will not take heed.
They say of warnings, that they have no need.
They look to you, and ere they are aware,
They're led to do what causes hearts to bleed ;
They down are led to deep and dark despair,
Can you, I ask respectfully, in such work share ? "

73 " Your moderation known to all men let,'
The views of elder Father Ben were such,
'Include in this whatever you can get,
All you should heed is, 'Do not take too much,'
God's gifts you need not be afraid to touch.'
The younger Ben had learned this 'neath the roof
Parental. Soon was he in the strong clutch
Of Alcohol. He could not get aloof.
He spent his all, from dining board, to traveling
hoof.

74 " Two times as much for Alcohol are spent,
As are for bread and education. And
One hundred thousand lives each year, anent,
Destroyed are in its Maelstrom. O, the grand,
Grand thought is, that we all with heart and hand
Unite to save our loved ones from the gloom
Of drunkards ; that in principle our land
Shall be forever free. No more the tomb
Of inebriety have cause to seek a room."

75 The First: "We ever will be free," say they,
The Second class: "We can be if we will."
The Third: "We will be if we can," they say.
"Let us decree," says Mother True, "Until
A QUARTER OF A CENTURY'S FULFILL
ITS COURSE, we'll manufacture nor import
No more of Alcohol. Apply with skill
All that we have as medicine, or sport
With fine arts' use, whoever otherwise may court."

76 "The Legislature, Courts, Executive,—
Here are the Branches of our Government,
All ready, this decree, our land to give;
And here are they by whom they all are sent,
What we decree is law, is evident.
And then we'll add, Department of the Home,
Place o'er it those who ne'er will give consent
To hinder this decree. Then all can roam
In fine arts' use, mechanic arts, arts of the loam."

77 "Amen!" resounded through the waiting crowd,
And then to Mother True's there was a rush,
To join her standard, all seemed to be proud,
The spirits that such havoc wrought, to crush.
They wore upon their brows the victor's flush.
All joined her standard save the heartless few,
Who make and sell it, too. They wore the blush
Of unrepentant guilt; With them were too
The debauchee, the punkt. All to their masters
true.

78 'Twas carried by such acclamation strong,
The negative confounded were and dumb.
The question now arose. "To whom belong
The labors of the Home Department?" Some
Suggested one, some others. Like a bomb
One said more naturally, "Mother True!
Beneath her hand the evil will succumb.
To help her in the work appoint those who
Like her have seen the worst, like her the work will
do."

79 'Twas done. "Praise God from whom all blessings
flow,"
They sang, "Praise him to whom all praise belongs."
"Praise him all living creatures here below."
"Praise him above ye holy happy throngs."
And thus they sang appropriate glad songs.
Then lighted Delos, Pheobus, Edison,
Them to their happy, distant homes. The wrongs,
So long perpetuated, now were done.
Henceforth each could his course through life with
safety run.

80 Good Mother True showed her ability
In perfecting what was so well begun.
She ordered buildings, large sufficiently,
To stocked be with the Alcohol. This done
The other buildings were converted. One,
To manufacture, one to hospital,
And one to worship Him who made the sun.
And all to purposes that lift up shall
The race in bright reality, not nominal.

81 Then those who made and sold were ordered next,
To give to those they robbed, a large per cent
Of their ill gotten gains. And this bold text
Fulfilled was to the letter. For she bent
Her energies to free the land. She meant
That Alcohol throughout our land, no more,
Should spread its want, its woe, and discontent;
Our nation high above such things shall soar;
No more such wretchedness, no more the suff'ring
poor.

82 The progress was so rapid, thorough, grand,
Effects surpassing the most sanguine hope;
That soon the people, all with helping hand,
Gave to the law its widest legal scope;
Save those, the heartless few, and they elope
Had either or the law in full accept,
With its provisions, all, as stated. Mope
They dared not. For our Matron was adept
In bringing happiness to those who long had wept.

83 How great, how marvelous the happy change!
No language could it nearly all express,
When food within true hygienic range,
Alone the nation, only, used; unless,
Kind Heaven would the Muses's pencil bless,
Far, far above its usual competence.
How truly great the nation's blessedness!
No more, Saloons to rob men of their sense,
No more, the heartless few, to rob them of their
rents.

84 Sweet songs of praise arose each morn and eve,
 From all the families, their hearths around.
 They feared, no more, the father would them leave.
 With peace and plenty all their homes were crowned.
 The courts upon their dockets, rarely found
 A case. The jails and penitentiaries,
 Asylums and alms-houses, all, were bound
 To works of art. No more deformed the phiz.
 Its features all deline what Temperence truly is.

85 No more were any troubled with *ennui*,
 No more were passions stirred beyond control,
 No more the wretched, starving poor we see,
 No more the Anarchist's foreboding Sh'ol,
 But with the sweetest pleasures, thrill the soul.
 The lawyers, judges having no employ,
 Espoused the Kingdom that is said to roll,
 Until the nations, sin shall not annoy,
 Proclaimed the wondrous Truth without the least
 alloy.

86 Religion, education, both, combined—
 The one the heart's affections purify,
 The other elevates th' immortal mind,—
 Ennobled all the race, that never die,
 In our great land, with freedom's azure sky.
 The Bancrofts, Longfellows, the Jeffersons,
 The Bryants, Whittiers all multiply.
 The Quinters, Talmages, the Washingtons,
 The ages that proceeded greatly overruns.

87 But language fails to tell the story all,
Religion, Education, Industry,
All prospered by Intemperance's fall,
 Beyond degree ; and caused a harmony
 Of beauty, grandeur, and supremacy,
In homes, in neighborhoods, in all the land.
 With dignity and yet simplicity,
With earnestness, and yet with good command,
The people were united, happy, heart and hand.

88 To see the workings of these heavenly laws,
The Queens and Monarchs came across the seas,
Determined to detect, expose its flaws.
 The nation's guests, they were received with ease ;
 Invited to remain, go where they please.
They did. And when they saw how great, how well
 The people of our nation were, they squeeze
Her hand, go home, and under the great spell,
“ITS WORKINGS ARE MOST GRAND, THE HALF WE CAN
 NOT TELL.”

89 The poems, the orations, works of art,
Inventions, progress scientific, draw
Must I the curtains over, lest I start
 The nation. As the TIME was closing, saw
 I all the people gathering, the law
To re-enact forever, or repeal.
 There was no danger of the latter. Pshaw,
The law worked only for the nation's weal.
They now to future generations would it seal.

90 The gathering was large. Canadians
Absorbed had been by our great Nation's tread,
And with them, too, the swarthy Mexicans,
The continent, its millions thither led,
All free; no more half-clothed, no more half-fed.
All gathered in the Park theatrical,
That once before, "We'll drink no more," had said.
The sentiments of all were, "No more, shall
We help the cause that breeds and feeds the criminal."

91 Three hundred millions of the human race
Assembled in the amphitheater,
(A Park of nature, I can't name the place),
Their sentiments most happily concur,
Among the concourse vast none did demur.
How fine the oratory, poetry,
Describing changes great, how all things were,
When Alcohol bore rule unhappily.
Art, Nature made the words to all sound audibly.

92 The Matron True presided. A respect
Of none more worthy. And the crowd were, too,
Quite worthy of her. For none could detect
A single trace of Alcohol, in lieu,
Of God's good blessings. And they now renew
The principles of Temperance. "We vow
The Great Republic of the West shall true
Be to the Temp'rance principles. Allow
No changing of God's blessings good, no matter
how."

93 Without a voice dissenting, it was passed.
Our songs of gladness shook the very skies!
The work so well begun would always last.
No more in all the land the pauper cries,
But homes and friendships sweet and loving ties
Abound. No more the maniac's strange yell,
No more the wife's despairing, heart-rent sighs.
Her features well, her happiness now tell.
No more the debauchee, no more the gambling hell.

94 Our Matron, then the benediction gave.
And O, what benedictions she received,
As loud as stormy waters when they lave
The rock-bound coast! For millions she relieved
From want, and woe, from very hell reprieved.
AT HOME. And when we reached the next decade,
The tolling of the bells said, "We're bereaved
Of our good Mother." Nature's debt she paid,
Advanced in years, and wept by all; in state she
laid.

95 The Nation gathered, once again, to weep,
With mutual respect and sympathy,
And I was called to give, while she asleep,
Her unique life, her living eulogy.
I thought I could with affability.
I rose to speak, my feelings my words choke!
The flow'rs were animated poetry,
The drawings all, of vices conquered, spoke.
My feelings were so deeply stirred that I awoke.

96 What, what! "Awoke!" Was this a passing dream?
 What! What!! "Awoke!!" Is Alcohol yet king?
 Not a reality, but just so seem!
 Does Bacchus rule with his infernal ring?
 To settle this I could not my mind bring.
 To ascertain, I hurried off to town,
 I passed twelve Bars where men their souls down
 fling.
 The papers said, "Unlearned, men of renown,
 Both, drink and murder, suicide, desert home, drown."

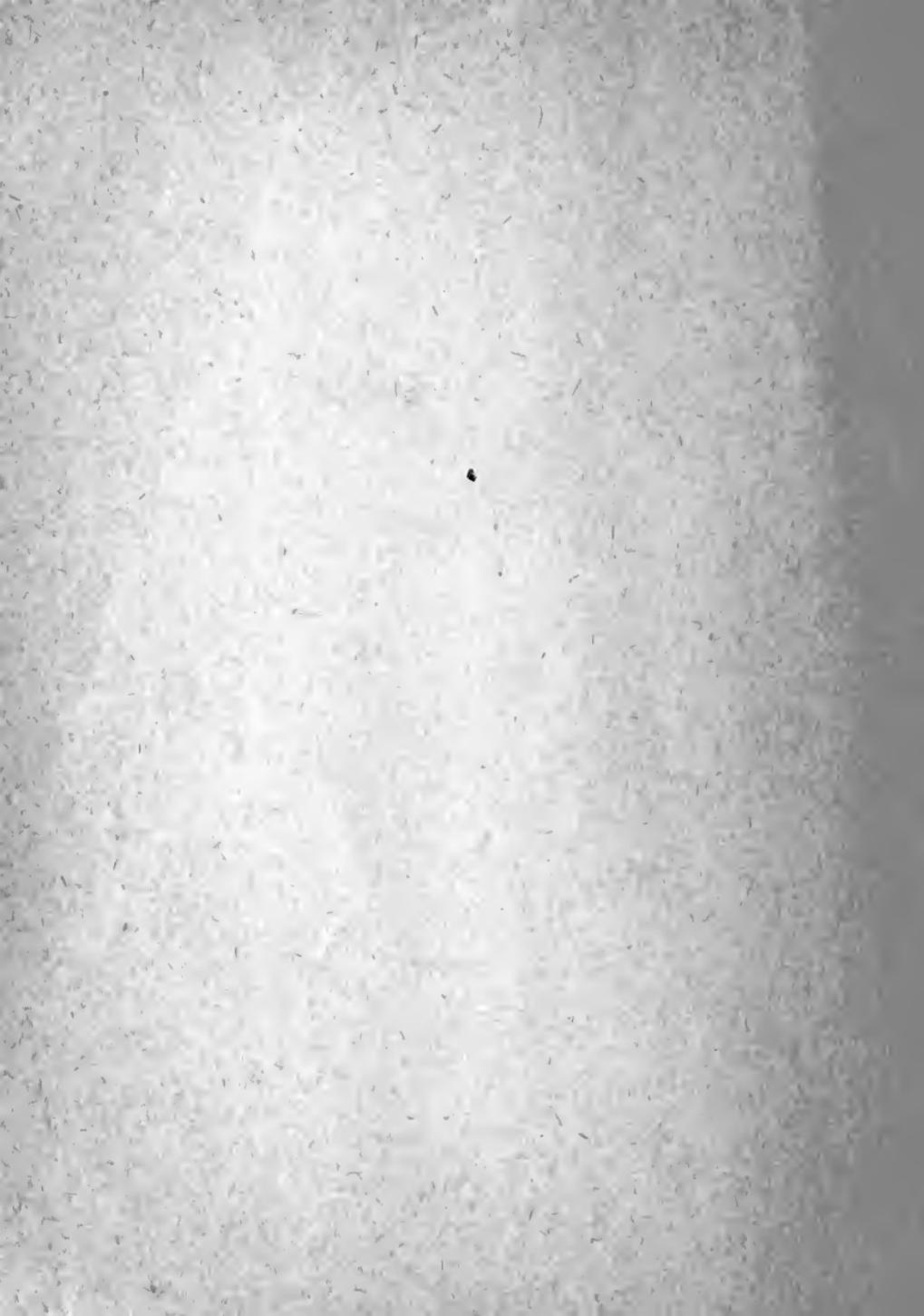
97 It was a sad, a dread reality.
 "And must it always thus, kind Friends, remain?
 Are there no Trues that will this slavery
 Destroy, that soul as well as body chain?
 That this be done, O let us daily train!
 Why longer use it as the tempting bait
 Of demagogues? Why longer clean hearts stain?
 Why use what causes one his friends to hate?
 Why use what gives to all some bestial kind of trait?"

98 "With all your earnestness, O this truth preach,
 Ye Ministers of God, who feed the flock,
 In word and life, that you your hearers reach!
 Portray how it will make them rage and mock,
 In using they their finer senses shock,
 That they in all things should be temperate,
 That they be careful where they get their stock,
 Use blessings only that their wants will sate,
And what is wrong, prohibit, with abhorrence, hate."

99 "Ye Teachers of the Day and Sabbath School,
In this great work we'll find our greatest aid
In you, if you will heed the Golden Rule.—
 O deeply on the tender mind be laid
 The principles of Temperance. Portrayed
So well the evils, great, that you have seen
 Arise from blessings, by hands, sinful made.
Impress their minds so well that naught will wean
Them from the principles of living Hygiene."

100 "You rock the world in that almighty Crib,
Fond Parents, Mothers most especially ;
From it develop no abnormal rib.
 On you depend, What will the harvest be?
 Instill with nature's food, sobriety."
"Ye editors, with pen omnipotent,
 Wield it to save the race. Your sympathy
Give Truth." The lusty years will soon be spent.
We'll all say, "Rather right be than be President."

THE END.





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